# The Real HENRY FORD

## GENIUS OF INDUSTRY - MAN OF MYSTERY

### HIS STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS — An Analysis by — HIS GREATNESS AND SMALLNESS

### S - S - MARQUIS, D - D -

AFTER 5 YEARS STUDY AS HEAD OF FORD WELFARE DEPARTMENT

**How the First Ford Car Was Built and Run for the First Time at 2 o'Clock in the Morning.**

**Not a Cent from Speculation Forms Part of of the Total of the Ford Fortune of To-Day.**



*THIS is the second of a remarkable series of articles which sum up a character study of Henry Ford made by a man who was formerly his pastor and who afterward was head of the Ford Welfare Department.*

*Dr. Marquis reaches conclusions on some points, leaving others for the reader to sum up in his own way. In both cases he builds upon a foundation of facts gathered from close association and constant observation of the man of whom he is writing. As Dr. Marquis wrote in his first article his most interesting study is "the machine under Mr. Ford's hat" and the reader of to-day's and following instalments of his analysis will find that he has studied that mechanism as closely as it is possible for one man's mind to delve into that of another.*


THE FORD HOME, DEARBORN

WHERE HENRY FORD LIVES AND A VERY RARE PICTURE OF MRS. FORD.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A Dream That Came True.

I HAVE said that we are interested in Henry Ford because of his phenomenal success in the field of industry.

But there is another reason, and that is, that he has in him all the makings of a popular hero. A boy on a farm with a humble parentage back of him; never saw the inside of a college, and never was particularly interested in what went on inside a country school house; interested as a boy in steam engines and threshing machines; also in what is inside a watch and a clock; always dreaming of a self-propelled vehicle, and drawing pictures of the same; builds a "farm locomotive" before he is twenty, by mounting a steam engine on the cast-off wheels of a mowing machine; becomes the engineer of a steam threshing machine when a boy of seventeen; leaves the farm and gets a job in a power house in the city; works after hours on a gasoline engine, making the cylinder out of gaspipe, and the flywheel out of wood; puts the engine on a vehicle of his own construction that looks like a baby carriage; adds a few pulleys, a lever or two, and a leather belt, and the "darned thing ran." That first "gasoline buggy" is still in existence, and the "darned thing" still runs. It is kept in a room adjoining his office at Dearborn.

I have heard from him and Mrs. Ford the story of the last 48 hours that he worked on that first car. Forty-eight hours without sleep. The second night, Mrs. Ford sat up waiting the outcome of his efforts. The machine was nearing completion. Would it run? It was about 2 a. m. when he came in from the little shop that stood in the rear of the house. The car was finished and ready for a try-out. It was raining. Mrs. Ford threw a cloak over her shoulders and followed him to the shop. He rolled the little car out into the alley, started it, mounted the seat and drove off. The car went a short distance and stopped. The trouble was a minor one. The nut of a bolt had come off. It seems that there was some vibration in that first machine which has been handed down to its 6,000,000 offspring. The car was put back in the shop. It had run. One of the foothills at the base of the mountain of success had been topped.

But there were other hills to climb, with valleys of discouragement between. People laughed at the strange device and at the man who created it. The noise if made resembled that of a machine gun in action. Instinctively, so it seemed, horses recognized in it the arch enemy of their race, took fright and ran away. Rumor has it that the police ordered him to keep the thing off the streets. Mr. Ford says this rumor is without foundation. Perhaps the wish of the people was father to the thought.

Whenever he drove this odd-looking contrivance a curious crowd followed on bicycles, making uncomplimentary remarks. It was a "crazy thing," the outcome of a "crazy idea," born of a "half-cracked brain." It never would amount to anything. As a plaything—yes, it might be made to go on a hard, level road. But it never would prove of practical value as a means of travel.

On the East Grand Boulevard, in Detroit, there is a bridge over the Grand Trunk Railroad tracks. The approach is up a fairly stiff grade. It was here the crowd was wont to assemble to see if Henry could make the grade. He made it. And he has been climbing ever since.

That little car, with its gas pipe cylinders, wooden fly wheel and leather belt transmission, had all the mechanical principles in its make-up that enter into the present Ford car. It was on this car that he tested and won his famous Selden patent suit.

That first car was a crude affair. It certainly did not look like a million dollars. Those who looked at it thought a pile of money could be sunk in it, but they could not see how any ever could be got out of it. Money to develop and perfect his idea came in small sums, and from the most part from men of small means. Those who financed his genius and had the courage to stick came out with millions. Mr. Ford does not believe in stock companies now. They aren't necessary after you have made the grade.

One meets around Detroit now and then a man who, with hands in empty pockets, tell you with a sad, far-away look in his eyes how he had a chance to put some money into the Ford Company at the time it was being organized, "and just came within an ace of doin' it, too." Alas, the ace—whatever that means.

Henry Ford was, and still is, a dreamer. But as far back as the days of Joseph—and the greatest dreamers of the world, by the way, have been of Hebrew extraction—dreamers have not been held in high esteem by some of their brethren, especially in the days before their dreams came true. As a rule they climb alone a steep and stony path across which men delight in raising barriers. Dreamers upset the rules of prophecy. According to the laws of logic and the rules of men who walk by sight, these men who dream and move as in a sleep should come to grief—and do not. I suppose the reason is that men who dream walk by faith, not by sight, and faith laughs at mountains. He who sees thinks he must remove the mountains that bar his way. He who dreams does not attempt to remove the mountains. He climbs them. And that after all is perhaps the best way to dispose of mountains.

Joseph lived to see his dream come true and to receive the homage of the men who ridiculed and hated him. Will Henry Ford pardon me for discovering this striking resemblance between himself and a man of a race in which he seems able to see so few virtues and so many faults?

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Ford Fortune.

I DO not know how much Henry Ford is worth. I am under the impression that, if he so desired, he could convert his business into a stock company and pay very satisfactory dividends on a billion capitalization. I doubt whether any other man ever made so large a fortune in so short a time. I believe it to be one of the cleanest, if not the cleanest, fortunes of its size ever made.

The possible blot on his record in this connection is the charge that he has sometimes dealt ruthlessly with smaller independent concerns which are making some parts of his car for him; that while he was paying his own labor a minimum wage of five and six dollars a day he was demanding of others that they sell him their product at a price that made it impossible for them to pay their labor a fair wage; that he has encouraged men to make large investments in order to furnish him with materials, and then has suddenly ceased to place orders with them and left them with an idle investment and a deserted factory on their hands.

I have listened to many discussions on this point and am well aware that there is a sharp division of opinion in regard to it. The view one takes of it will depend almost entirely on what he considers fair in business, and on that men are a long way from agreement.

Henry Ford does not gamble. I once saw him win five cents on a bet. I took it away from him and put it into a charity fund so I know that tainted nickel is not mixed up with the other twenty billion nickels, more or less, now in his possession.

I once ran him a footrace on which we and our friends risked a small stake. Henry won. And I may say right here for the benefit of others more than 50 years of age and 42 inches in circumference that you are not in Mr. Ford's class unless you have kept in excellent physical condition.

And I may add also by way of finishing this story that Mr. Ford took the money from those who won on this race and gave it to an old gate-keeper at a railroad crossing.

He has been generous toward his employees. On this point I think I can speak with some authority, as I was in a position to know for a period of several years. During the time I was with the company he gave to his employees, in addition to a generous wage, more than a hundred million dollars out of his profits, all of which he could have retained as his own, and which the average man would have put into his own pocket.

It is said that his profit-sharing plan was a crafty scheme for getting more work out of his men; that it actually returned more dollars to him than he gave out. It was unquestionably a shrewd and profitable stroke. To the credit of Mr. Ford be it said that he personally never maintained that his profit and bonus schemes were a means for distributing charity.

Since becoming rich Henry Ford has acquired no expensive tastes, formed no costly habits. He makes no display. As compared with the manner in which he might live, he may be said to live very plainly and simply. He has often said to me, "Wealth does not change men. The possession of it does not spoil them, as is so often claimed. Wealth simply reveals what there is in a man. It lifts the lid and gives what is in him a chance to come out. If the bad comes to the surface, it is because it was there and was only waiting for a chance to express itself."

He enjoys the quiet and seclusion of his home and family. He first built a home on Edison Avenue. About the same time other men who had got into the automobile game, and were making far less money out of it than he, were building houses that might have been taken for the spawn of Rhine castles—if ever they had spawned. I once said to him that judging from appearance so far as homes were concerned, the Ford Company could not be making as much money as some others.

"Well," he replied, "you know if I were going to live in a hotel, I would want some one else to run it. I prefer a home." And then, after a pause, and with a chuckle, he added, "I still like boiled potatoes with the skins on, and I do not want a man standing back of my chair at table laughing up his sleeve at me while I am taking the jackets off."

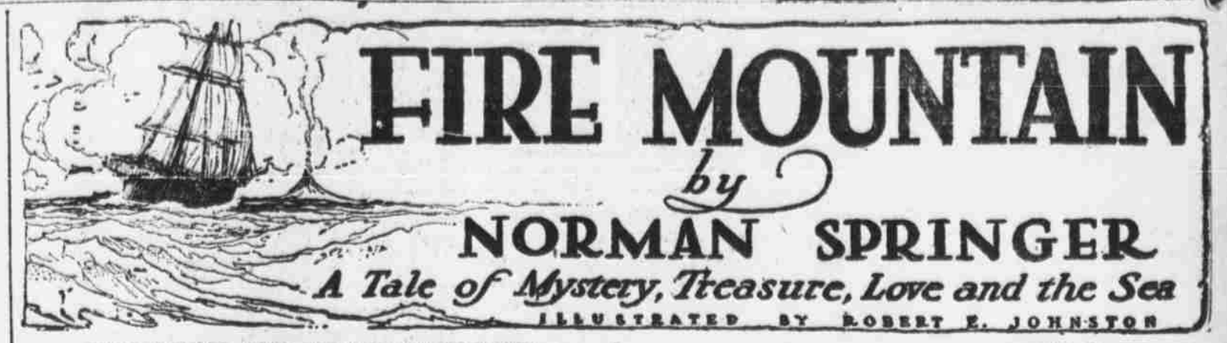
He still likes what he always liked. His personal habits and pleasures remain very much as they were in the days of his obscurity. Wealth has simply lifted the lid, and that which is coming out, according to his own theory, was always there.

There is a new home out on the banks of the Rouge in Dearborn. My wife and I were with him and Mrs. Ford the day the foundations for the new home were roughly staked out. Social ambition would have dictated a different locality. Sentiment of the finer sort said, "Here in the midst of scenes where we were boy and girl and lovers together; here in the sight of the cottage which was the first modest home, where dreams of the future were dreamed, and air castles that have since come down to earth were built; here among old friends who have known us all our lives will the new home be erected." And there it stands, large but not pretentious—not a hotel run by a regiment of servants, but a house in which to live in quiet and comfort, a home, with the home atmosphere about it.

Some years before the new house was erected Mr. Ford said to me, "I have found something to inscribe over the fireplace in the new home when I build it." He then repeated the following, "Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice." And the words are there over one of the great open fireplaces in the Dearborn house. They express, or rather suggest, one fundamental article of his creed. It is the wholesome, saving power of work.

In speaking more particularly of the "downs and outs" he has often said to me: "You preach one gospel and I another. My gospel is work. If a man is down and out the only thing that will save him is work—work that will give him something to live on."

"Some Elements of Success" and "Mental Traits and Characteristics," the chapter topics of to-morrow's instalment, are of absorbing interest to all who would know the real Henry Ford.



# FIRE MOUNTAIN

## by NORMAN SPRINGER

### A Tale of Mystery, Treasure, Love and the Sea

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

### WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S HAPPENED.

WHEN the whaler Good Luck, out of New Bedford, was wrecked at the Fire Mountain, a volcanic island in the North Pacific, in 1889, one of the two survivors was

JOHN WINTERS, who wrote down in his log of the finding of vast quantities of ambergris, the substance so valuable because of the demand for it as a perfume base, and of the storing of the precious stuff in one of the innumerable caves in the island. His log goes on to tell of the strange fate of his companion, who believed that the weird noise coming out of a mysterious hole in the island was the voice of a man he had murdered calling him and, finally crazed, had jumped into the pit. Winters, according to the log, fearing the same fate for himself, abandoned the island in a small boat. He jotted down the position of the cave where the ambergris was stored in code on a piece of skin and inserted it in the binding of his log book. Demented, he is picked up and brought to Honolulu. There he dies, leaving his log, with the cipher message of such tremendous value, in the hands of the keeper of a Chinese resort. In this place, many years later,

LITTLE BILLY CORCORAN, hunchback steward of the brig Cohasset, recovering from a spree, accidently finds the log among the Chinaman's collection of odds and ends. He judges from the description that the Fire Mountain, with its many caves and queer lava formations, including one that looks like an elephant's head, is the one which gave refuge not long before to the Cohasset's crew when chased by a Russian gunboat for violating the rule against trading for seal skins with the Siberian natives.

SQUARE JIM DABNEY is the blind captain of the Cohasset. His attractive granddaughter,

RUTH LE MOYNE is mate of the brig. They are told of the log and the hunchback's opinion that their island was the one where the great store of ambergris was hidden. They are all in the dark as to the location of the cave, but Ruth suddenly discovers the skin within the binding and the following cipher message is revealed:

43344544236153314612151111323624336153115352311334462315111464643441132123341142146522433314540131151136263534424461131342144634424423613344233154201441546131115115.

DR. ICHI, a Japanese, had been shipped as cook by the Cohasset and feigning almost complete ignorance of English, is disregarded as the Cohasset's officers talk over the discovery. Ichi steals the cipher and in San Francisco becomes associated with

WILD BOB CAREW, a splendid looking but unscrupulous sea captain. Ichi employs

JOSIAH SMATT, a sharp lawyer, to decipher the message. And this brings us to

MARTIN BLAKE, our hero, who, conveying the decoded message and the latitude and longitude of Fire Mountain to Carew at the command of Smatt, his employer, meets Billy. Feigning intoxication, Billy substitutes blank sheets of paper for the matter in Martin's pocket. The substitution, when it is revealed to Carew at the Black Cruiser saloon, results in Martin's being set upon by Carew's underlings and imprisoned in a room. Carew's gang also seize and imprison Ruth, but Little Billy and

THE BOSUN, Thomas Henry, his devoted and gigantic friend, rescue both the girl and young Blake. As they flee a pistol battle follows in which Martin shoots

SPULVEDO, keeper of the dive, and is shot himself by Carew. Martin's wound is not serious and he is welcomed as a partner in the Cohasset's enterprise—the salvage of the ambergris. The brig is well on her way out of San Francisco when Ruth, the hunchback and Dabney tell him the story. Partly by reading Poe's "Gold Bug" Little Billy says he solved the cipher and shows Martin the key.

As they sailed northward toward their goal, hoping to reach it ahead of Carew (who is in love with Ruth), Martin, overwhelmed by her beauty and under the influence of a starry night, kisses her. He too has fallen under her spell.

IT was the night of April 29 that Martin Blake, clerk, sat at the Cohasset's cabin table and heard the tale of Fire Mountain. It was on the morning of July 6 that Martin Blake, seaman, bent over the Cohasset's foreroyal yard-arm and flaked the canvas, with the shrill whistle of the squall in his ears.

He completed furling the sail. Then he straightened and swept the sea with keen, puckered eyes. It was a scrutiny that was rewarded.

Ahead, across the horizon sky floated a dark smudge, like the smoke-trail of a steamer, and beneath it was a black speck. It was no ship, he knew, but land.

It was the expected landfall, the volcanic island, there ahead, and he of all of the ship's company first perceived it from his lofty perch.

He sent the welcome hail to the deck below——

"Land ho!"

His hail aroused the ship. By the time he had finished his descent from aloft all hands were at the rail, endeavoring each to pick up the distant speck.

Four bells had gone while he was aloft, and he strode aft to take his wheel.

"If the breeze holds, we'll be inside in a couple of hours," said Ruth.

Capt. Dabney shook his head.

"I feel fog," he answered.

Within the hour Capt. Dabney's words bore fruit. It was a typical Smoky Sea fog, a wet, dense, Bering blanket, but it was a low-lying bank, and thirty feet or so above the deck it ended. The topmasts were free of the mist that shrouded the deck. Presently, from overhead, ghostly piercing the gray veil, came Ruth's clear hail. She ordered him to shift the course a couple of points.

In such a fashion, creeping through the fog, the Cohasset came at last to Fire Mountain.

Later, when he went aloft to furl sail, Martin saw the unmarked, unknown rock that had filled his thoughts for months.

The mountain formed a rough cone and over it hovered a cloud of white steam vapor and smoke.

It was an evil landscape. The stark desolateness of the place was enhanced by the wild cawing of the gulls and the mournful booming of the sea upon the reef.

Martin was depressed, as by a foreboding of ill fortune. He turned to Rimos, Maori sailor, who was on the yardarm with him.

"A cheerful-looking place, eh, Rimos?"

The Maori shuddered, and there was fear in his eyes.

"No like!" he said. "This place bad, bad, bad!"

* * * *

"WELL, not go ashore to-night," noted Capt. Dabney at supper. "We would only lose ourselves blundering about in this fog. If the stuff is still there, it will keep until to-morrow. In the morning we'll have a try, whether the fog has lifted or not."

"We'll find the junk unless Wild Bob and Ichi have beaten us to it," said Little Billy. "Hope they are not snugged close by behind this blooming curtain."

"No danger of that," answered Ruth. "If the brig had been anywhere near us I would have raised her topmasts above the fog."

"Make it an anchor watch," said the captain. "Guess you'll welcome a couple of extra hours in your bunks. But if the fog lifts during the night rouse the ship at once and we'll set off for the beach. Got your directions ready, Billy?"

"Yes, in my pocket," said the hunchback. "But I venture that we all know them by heart."

In the lottery that followed Martin drew the watch from two to four in the morning. Little Billy's paper called for from twelve to two. Ruth and the boatswain divided the first four hours.

Before he turned in Martin went forward to discover which of the forecastle hands would share his vigil.

He gathered that MacLean, a superstitious Scot, was to stand the middle watch.

"You'll be on watch with me," he said. "I have the two to four. Little Billy has the earlier half of the watch."

"Little Billy!" echoed MacLean. "Did ye say Little Billy, lad?"

Suddenly he raised an arm and shook a clenched fist at the mountain.

"Och, ye black de'il's kirk!" he screamed. "Ye blood-sucker! The MacLean's curse on ye!"

Wisps of fog eddied about his gray head and beard, his features wild and passion-working. And he cursed the Fire Mountain! It was unreal, unearthly, a scene from another age.

"Great Heavens! What is the matter?" Martin cried, startled.

MacLean mumbled to himself.

"Little Billy—och, 'tis Little Billy, dear Billy! 'Tis feydom, lad!" And he turned abruptly, strode forward, and was lost in the fog.

Martin intended to tell Little Billy about MacLean's strange behavior. He found the hunchback restlessly pacing the tiny floor space of their common room.

"Hello, Martin," he said. "I was waiting up for you. Here—keep these for me, will you?" He extended a bunch of keys. "I'm feeling extra dry to-night, and I don't want to be tempted by knowing I have the key to the medicine-chest in my pocket. Whenever I pass that confounded box, I think of the two quarts of booze inside, and my tongue swells. Just keep the keys till to-morrow, will you?"

For the past few days the hunchback had been engaged in a bout with his ancient enemy, the desire for drink. Martin keenly felt the other's suffering.

"Cheer up, Billy," he said. "A better day coming."

"Oh, sure! Don't worry about me," responded Little Billy. "Good night."

Clambering into his bunk, the little man composed himself to a pretense of reading.

Martin decided he would not trouble Little Billy with a recital of MacLean's outburst. The poor fellow's mind was feverish enough without being bothered with the Scot's wild raving.

Martin, however, was oppressed by MacLean's hints of evil—they fitted so well with the wild and gloomy face of the volcano and the depressing fog. Martin was half ashamed of his dread of something he could not name; but he turned in standing, removing only his shoes and loosening his belt, before crawling into his bunk and drawing the blankets over him.

* * * *

A STRANGE hand grasping his shoulder brought Martin out of deep sleep to instant consciousness. Opening eyes first rested on the tin clock hanging on the wall opposite. It was 4 o'clock.

The hand that shook him belonged to MacLean. The old man was bending over him with the white face of one who has seen a ghost.

"He's gone!" he softly exclaimed, before Martin could frame a question.

Startled, Martin sat up and swung his legs outboard.

"What—Little Billy?"

"Aye — Billy," responded Sails. "Och, 'tis a bad night outdoors, lad—a thick dark night. And Billy's gone. Didna' I see him in the dark, and wearing the black shroud, these months agone? He was feyed; You mount is the de'il's home, and others"——.

"What are you talking about?" interrupted Martin impatiently. "What nonsense! Isn't he on watch?"

"On watch? Aye, who kens where he watches now? He's gone, I tell ye!" hissed the old man fiercely. "He has disappeared from deck. Och, I can no say how! Billy went aft, and I leaned on the rail, and listened—listened, for I couldna' see. And I heard it! Aye, I kenned 'twas it, for 'twas no the sound o' the waves, nor the calling o' the birds, nor the splash o' anything that lives in the sea. I kenned it was it, Hedna' I seen the shroud? Sounded like an oar stroke. 'Twas the Prince o' Evil sounding his way, a-coming wi' his shroud. Och! I run aft to tell Billy, and I tell ye, lad, little Billy was gone!"

MacLean leaned forward, his face working with horror.

"He's gone!" reiterated Sails. "I looked all about the decks, and sang out as loud as I could wi'out rousing all hands—and no hide or hair o' Billy could I spy. Och, he's gone, I tell ye, lad. MacLeans ha' the sight, lad, and I am the seventh son!"

"All right, all right! Don't chatter so loud, you'll awaken everybody," interrupted Martin. He pulled on his shoes. "I'll go on deck with you, and of course Little Billy will give us the laugh. Was there anything unusual about his manner when you saw him?"

"No lad. I ken your thought," replied the other. "He'd no had a drop."

They went forward and stepped out on deck. Martin softly closing the door behind him.

Abruptly, he found himself isolated in a sea of murk.

"Little Billy! Billy!" he called.

His call was swallowed up, smothered, by the night. He strained his ears. But the only answer was the eery cry of a night-flying gull.

Martin was more than disturbed by that silence.

He called again, along the decks.

"Rimos! Oomh! For'ard there—speak up!"

Not a word, not a footfall came out of the gloom.

"Good Lord, they must all be asleep!" exclaimed Martin testily.

He sent MacLean after a lantern. Then his groping hand encountered on top of the capstan, Little Billy's rubber tobacco-pouch. Why was Little Billy's pouch abandoned there on the capstan-head, this pocket companion of an inveterate smoker?

Something had happened to Little Billy. It was not like Little Billy thus to forsake his beloved shag, his constant ally in his fight against the drink hunger.

Martin leaned over the capstan, peering into that baffling gloom. He stiffened tensely. He seemed to hear whispering; it came out of that black pit before him, the very ghost of a man's voice. Then his ears caught another sound; it was peculiar, like the pitter of bare feet.

"MacLean! Where are you?" he called sharply. "Hurry with that lantern!"

Instead of MacLean's voice to reply he head a heavy breathing, the sound of a man taking several long, sobbing breaths.

He started forward, and then stopped dead. Out of the black void before him came MacLean's voice—strangled words in a horrible, unconcealing pitch:

"Marty! Marty! My God! Ah-h-h!"

There was the thud of a heavy, falling body striking the deck.

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To-morrow's instalment will bring some startling developments.